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JULY/AUGUST 2014



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COVER PHOTO OF JENNA
BY DAVE NAZ

The publisher maintains the records relating to images in this periodical required by 18 U.S.C. §2257, which records are located at the office of the manufacturer, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA 90211, D. Carrillo, custodian of records. All nude models are 18 years of age or older.
Date of publication is 5/27/14.

TABOO Editorial

STRICTLY SPEAKING



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Human trafficking, aka slave trading, is a plot element in some of the fantasy stories we tell in TABOO, but the reality behind those stories is all too much a fact of life in many parts of the world. There are probably some 20 to 30 million people currently enslaved according to U.N. estimates. We think slavery is an abomination and oppose it in all forms.

It is the common mantra of a bizarre coalition of right-wing politicians, religious lunatics and rabid radical feminists that pornography creates demand for prostitution and prostitution, in turn, creates demand for human trafficking.

Millions of men consume pornography. A tiny percentage of those consumers undoubtedly also hires prostitutes. But there is no scientific evidence whatsoever of any causal connection between these two activities.

If it's a stretch to maintain that pornography drives prostitution revenues, it's circus contortionism to maintain that the prostitutes hired by porn consumers would not be prostitutes were they not "trafficked" into prostitution specifically to fill the demand created by pornography. Not only does this inductive leap completely ignore the distinction between voluntary and forced prostitution—not a minor point—it assumes without evidence that a reduction in the demand for pornography would result in a reduction in demand for prostitution under the unproven assumption that the consumers of pornography and prostitution are one and the same.

In the real world, the overwhelming majority of human trafficking is not sexual in nature, but rather for the purpose of forced labor, whether as child soldiers in the Congo or locked-down garment workers in Bangladesh. But a few thousand women a year burning to death in sweatshops just isn't as sexy and telegenic as the few hundred verified cases of sex trafficking exposed by expensive, high-profile law enforcement investigations, so let's just ignore the former to forward the sex-panic agenda regarding the latter.

We find the sometimes-shady neighborhoods of this magazine an exciting and interesting place to visit, but we don't live there and we don't assume vast numbers of others do either, but then we're not attempting to sell the reader on bullshit to shame said reader into adopting paranoid, retrogressive ideas about sex and sex commerce. That's not how we make our livings.

—*Ernest Greene, Executive Editor*





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HUSTLER'S TABOO®
JULY/AUGUST 2014







HUSTLER'S TABOO (ISSN 1099-5137) Vol. 17, No. 1, July/August 2014. Published bimonthly by LFP Publishing Group, LLC, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION: For subscription customer service, call (800) 345-7413. Back issues are $12 each, postage and taxes included. Change of address: Allow six weeks' advance notice and send in both your old and new addresses. ATTN. POSTMASTER: Send change of address to HUSTLER'S TABOO, P.O. Box 16975, North Hollywood, CA 91615-9363. Periodicals Postage Paid at Beverly Hills, CA, and at additional mailing offices. HUSTLER'S TABOO is registered in the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office to LFP IP, LLC, which licenses the mark to LFP Publishing Group, LLC. **PRINTED IN CANADA**.

BITCH

BOX

GESTALTA AND ERIS

I know what is in the small wooden box when it arrives from my friend Mistress Sonia. The crate is labeled with the name "Eris" or I wouldn't have known, because she's already gagged and nearly naked. It hardly matters. Today she's my nameless piece of fuck meat, a gesture of gratitude for a favor. Because she needs to know this, I put Eris on her knees atop her shipping container and give her a good lashing, interspersed with plenty of rude groping. I think she likes that part. She looks up at me invitingly once I've got her strung up and splayed, but I'm just teasing her. No girl eats my pussy without suffering for the privilege. Applying the cane to Eris's tender arches and stretched-back thighs, I'm surprised by how well she takes a lashing. I guess she likes that too. My kind of girl.

The clothespin zipper is another matter. She lets out quite a wail when I yank the cord, pulling the row of pegs off her cunt lips. I take my time, popping them loose one at a time. Of course, she's easily soothed when I suck on her swollen labia. And she returns my attentions very skillfully while I sit on her face. Even strung upside down, Eris does an impressive job of sucking my strap-on to get it ready for the inevitable penetration of her swollen parts.

I might have to hang onto this present for a while.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLOVER













































NORTHERN NIGHTS

If we had to choose a single event to attend all year, the annual Montreal Fetish Weekend would be a strong contender. Over nearly a decade, this stellar gathering of perveratti has expanded to six very full days and nights of workshops, parties and performances, beginning with welcoming cocktails at fetish venue Club Sin. Kabaret Kink provides a performance venue for "naughty shows" by visiting performers, dancing into the night and "private spaces" for intimate encounters. The Saturday Street Fashion Show and Expo Kink allow revelers to strut their finery in daylight among Montreal's open-minded citizenry to the delight of all. The climactic Saturday Night Latextacy Ball offers six floors of fashion shows, performances by luminaries including Jean Bardot, Domina Elle and Mistress Mai in an atmosphere of decadent indulgence. Revels wrap up on Sunday with A Night of Masks, allowing guests to explore their fantasies anonymously. It just doesn't get any better than this.

PHOTOS BY GERRY KOEHLER





















CHAIN MAIL

TABOO READERS RANT AND RAVE



Please keep those letters coming! -xxoo Hanna

PRIME PUSSIES

Much as I love seeing the gorgeous Emily (*Emily and Kendall—Dungeon Delights*, May/June 2014) being sweetly submissive, I have to give her props for being the hottest dark-haired domina ever as she works her wiles on the delectable Kendall. No wonder Kendall submits to being paddled pink and strap-on fucked so eagerly. Mistress Emily inspires service with a smile. ***—Jay Cordell, Key West, Florida***

DEVIANT DIVERSITY

I wanted to offer a word of appreciation for the greater diversity of lovely ladies TABOO has featured in recent issues. I always love the delicious Skin Diamond (*Skin Diamond—Tight in White*, December 2013*)* doing dirty things in bondage, but your May/June feature *Yasmin and Victor—Strictly Formal* offered a deliciously decadent *pas de deux* in black and white. Something about a man in a tuxedo doing dirty things to a dark-skinned, naked beauty in bondage evokes all manner of wicked fantasies, especially when Yasmin spills her golden glory in the glass bowl. Thanks for continuing to surprise us with real variety in both players and play. ***—Charlene C., Tempe, Arizona***

TIPS FOR TOPS

As a submissive woman, still single and looking for Master right, gratitude for your May/June feature *The Inner Game of Domination*. Ernest Greene may not win a lot of popularity contests among the strutting dom wannabes out there with his straightforward, pull-no-punches approach to mastery, but he clearly understands that it's not about who has the hippest clothes or the coolest toys. What counts is bringing the right mindset to the demanding role of dominant. He gets it that confidence, honesty and respect for his partner is what makes a good slave want to kneel at a man's boots. I'm tempted to make this article required reading for any guy who wants to see me in subspace. ***—Lynn Richards, Eugene, Oregon***

BOUND BALLERINA

Pepper—Dancing to His Tune (May/June 2014) was a great, fun mash-up of gritty surroundings, a hot, long-legged babe in a too-cute ballerina costume, realistic hard whipping, total exposure bondage and come-hither pussy play. Somehow all the elements blend into a smoking (literally) hot mix. Congrats to X-Labs Chicago for another imaginative scenario to inspire us. ***—J.J., via e-mail***

Emily and Kendall—Dungeon Delights (May/June 2014)



Pepper—Dancing to His Tune (May/June 2014)





JAYDEN

MAXIMUM EXPOSURE

Amazing how much a girl can learn in a day, especially when she's caged up naked in the middle of nowhere. Just seeing her uncomfortable rope harness waiting, she can imagine how these men will get her to do exactly what they want. Rolled on her belly and hogtied, she already knows enough to open her mouth when the hard cocks pop up in front of her. Even though she tries to do a good job despite the awkward position, her service doesn't spare her the inevitable hard paddle on her backside. They never stop until she's actually crying.

Jayden certainly knows better than to bitch when they splay her on the steel mesh of the enclosure, but she lets out a curse as a rough hand grabs her wet parts.

The ball-gag is a given after that, followed by the heavy cane biting deeply and repeatedly into Jayden's blazing rump. Each stroke hurts more than the last, but when she tries to reach back and rub her suffering ass, she just gets whacked on the knuckles. A period of contemplation encouraged by nipple clamps and clothespins holding her fuck-hole open convinces Jayden she'd be better off spreading her pink for them instead of tempting them to find new ways of making her more compliant. She'll even piss for them if it makes them want to do something besides hurt her.

It's the law of the jungle, and Jayden's learning it the hard way.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT



















TABOO'S Highest Rating

Sold Into Slavery

4 Whacks
Claudia Rossi, Sophie Cox, Lucy Lee, Debbie White, Choky Ice, Thomas Hyka and Ricardo Bell.
Running Time: 90 Minutes

Nothing but good stuff here. Gamine blonde Sophie looks mighty tempting chained naked to a steel ladder, and Master Ricardo can't be faulted for fondling her pretty parts before laying on the single-tail. Netted facedown on the spanking bench, the pretty slut still manages to grope his gaff while he lashes her pert bum and soft soles. Down on her knees, arms stretched back in a strepado, Sophie sucks her keeper's rod sincerely until he backs off and uses her as a masturbatory object to splatter.

Fiery brunette Claudia Rossi, in streetwalker chic, waits in her cell for disciplinarian Thomas to lead her out on a leash for stripping, chaining and flogging. She's particularly fetching in the horizontal pillory, and after a bit of waxing and whipping, we can't blame Thomas for stringing her up in a sling, fucking her until her chains rattle and glazing her pouting lips.

Lovely Lucy struggles her way out of the chair to which she's tied, only to accidentally expose her presence behind the curtain by pissing on the floor. Can't condemn Dom D for peeling the leggy brunette bare and securing her to the bondage table with extra-heavy-duty leather gear so he can concentrate on painting her ass pink as a reminder of her situation as a slave. Won't knock him for fucking her ferociously either, as an additional demonstration of her status.

Debbie's already in the stocks when Choky comes around to give her a good groping prior to chaining her to the wall where she can be teased and tit-clamped properly before finding herself roped to the table and spewed down thoroughly.

A consistently attractive cast, believable D/s play and plenty of hot hardcore action delivers the goods in this fine reel of M/s vignettes.

—E.G.

www.bizarrevideo.com



TWISTED FLICKS















TABOO'S Highest Rating

Raw Devotion

4 Whacks
Featuring: Janice King, Rachel Evans, Cloe, Adrianna Nicole, Choky Ice, Joe Monti and Marco Banderas.
Running time: 90 Minutes

Sizzling from the start, this vid begins with sleek blonde Cloe led into the dungeon in a red-leather harness that protects nothing so she can be shackled to the bondage frame for fondling high and low. One ankle lifted high to the frame to spread her wide opens the way for Choky's multiple probing fingers. Wet as she is, the challenging position presents no impediment to Choky lancing her from behind in a standing doggie for which she shows her gratitude by giving him some monster skull while suspended upside down. Four-point aerial finale finds her fucked fore and aft, then plugged in the tailpipe with a huge dildo on which she has to sit in a wide split while sucking out Master's splooge.

Alabaster brunette Janice gets what's coming to her in heavy wooden yokes on a bare floor, well worked with the leather cat before earning the privilege of demonstrating her slave skills with a no-hands BJ and the heavy wooden restraint resting on her shoulders. We're convinced.

The mood is more romantic between Rachel and Joe, whom, after a bit of cropping, she eagerly serves with orifices at either end. Lots of playful spanking and a memorable straight-up fucking while chained to the wall make for a fine, pink-all-over Valentine tableau.

The show-stopping finale features favorite submissive anal queen Adrianna Nicole giving her all in a high-tech dungeon. Master Marco hoists her for some midair munching before going straight into her ass while she holds herself aloft by wrapping her legs around his middle. It's A-to-M and back again until Adrianna, a hot mess with her mascara cascading, gets down and sucks him dry. Not a wasted moment in this fine fetish romp.

—E.G.

www.bizarrevideo.com















SUBSPACE



BY NINA HARTLEY

TABOO'S SubSpace is devoted to the experiences, questions and concerns of submissive women and the men (and women) who love them. In our continuing effort to give voices and faces to the love slaves of our dreams, we provide this forum for fem-sub BDSM players to share their most intimate secrets with TABOO readers. This month, XXX superstar Nina Hartley, who enthusiastically participates in BDSM play as both Domme and sub, offers her advice. She welcomes readers' queries for future installments.

DEAR NINA,

I am 20 years old and just learning about how to live as a submissive. My Sir seems to want sex at least once a day. I tend to be up for it about two or three times a week. This is a source of tension. What's a good way to handle it?

—Subbie Girl, Lawton, Oklahoma

Dear Subbie Girl:

Your issue is more common than you may think whether your relationship is D/s oriented or vanilla. Libidinal imbalances drive many a couple to therapy. Try letting the issue drive you to your knees, preferably naked and collared, so you can start the ongoing conversation of how you'll handle this speed bump on the way to submissive bliss with the proper show of respect.

"Submissive" doesn't mean "passive." To give the best service—be it morning BJs, getting his coffee just right or greeting him when he gets home by offering him a bare ass and his favorite whip—you must feel, and be, heard and have your feelings respected. Submission without mutual respect can be emotionally empty at best, and abusive at worst, so speak up. You can do it in a way that shows you understand and care about the D/s dynamic you're building together.

He may want sex seven days a week and you three, but that's not an insurmountable conflict. The key is to negotiate how to keep him satisfied when your sexual energies aren't in sync.

As his submissive you always want to please him with a happy heart and hungry pussy. Since you don't always control the latter, you work from the former. Personally, I can't climax every day, but I can certainly enjoy being fucked by my Master every day, as I never tire of feeling his sexual energy and heat aimed in my direction. If you aren't required to orgasm each time he fucks you, would you be down for a daily dorking purely for the satisfaction of feeling him jizz deep inside you, or to swallow his load before he leaves for work as a pleasant act of service? If so, that's the easiest "compromise" to make.

If you don't have to feel the earth move each day (not living in California) you can relax and enjoy feeling used in a good way, as an object for his pleasure. Submitting to his lustful desires will reinforce your respective roles, since fucking him when you're not "in the mood" really puts you in your place.

However, the solution doesn't lie entirely with you. Many men, whatever their sexual inclinations, feel they've failed their end of the bargain if they don't get their partners off at every opportunity.

If part of your Master's self-confidence requires you to come every time he does you, your desire to please and obey him will be at odds with your biology. You'll end up feeling a failure as a sub and hating your body for something over which you have no control. That resentment will seep into the relationship.



Photography by Pony Gold

You could respectfully propose a compromise with seven fucks/orgasms per week for him balanced against any combination of beatings, fuckings and orgasms for you as he deems proper and that you can enthusiastically deliver. If he can get comfortable with being served as you can with serving him, I'm confident you can find the sweet spot.

DEAR NINA,

I'm 26 and my husband's devoted slave. Our D/s is suffering, and it worries me greatly. We've been through a lot in the past year: lost employment, a failed attempt at poly, thorny family issues and a new baby. My pain threshold is much lower than before I gave birth, and breast bondage or breast impact is forbidden until the baby is weaned. I've also had to take on more of the earning power for the time being, which was not how it was when we first got together.

All this has left him feeling less than dominant at times. This makes me feel less submissive, as we've discussed very difficult realities very different from the fantasies we had at the beginning. How can we get our D/s back on track, both of us feeling confident in our roles?

—DreamGirl, Vancouver, British Columbia

Dear DreamGirl:

You certainly have a lot to juggle. I'm not a parent, but I know arranging a babysitter for a few hours one evening a week (you can swap babysitting duties with your friends who also have young children) will work wonders for your relationship.

During this protected time of privacy, do your best to be in role the whole time, using your words, your body language and your behavior to show this man that you do love him and put him at the head of the household. Kneel at his feet to hear about his day. Offer him his favorite drink. Care for his body by giving him a massage or washing his back as he soaks in the tub to relax. The important thing is that, for the duration of the date, your D/s behavior, emotion and intentions move to the top of your "to-do" list. Nothing short of blood or fire can't wait 90 minutes.

You're only responsible for your own emotions and behavior, so focus on those. Every time your mind wanders into the weeds of resentful thoughts or fearful imaginings, gently pull yourself back to the here-and-now, using protocol as your guide.

Even when we might not feel submissive, by acting submissively we can trigger the old emotions and they become fresh and new again. As you wash his back dressed only in your collar, allow yourself the pleasure of service, the sensuality of the steamy room and the smoothness of his skin. Imagine, especially in tough times, how happy it can make you to care for him. He also has to get out of himself and his stresses to let the process happen.

I'm not saying this is easy for either of you. Real life has a way of disrupting our fantasies. But the fantasies arise out of deep emotional needs that require nurturing. Holding onto your submissive space helps both of you, reinforcing your own pride and confidence in your abilities.

I know you're juggling a lot, but you'll handle all of it better if you make your intimate lives a temporary sanctuary where the things that brought you together can be properly appreciated.





Lent Leash

JENNA



Presenting herself to the unfamiliar couple, Jenna wonders if they can smell her fear and arousal. Strapped into a chair while a woman she's never met expertly works her clit, she'll soon be wet enough to take the huge dildo lying in reach. It sinks into her hungry cunt so easily it makes them laugh. A little pumping is all it takes to push her over, and in her anxiety she forgets to ask permission.

It's a good excuse to stuff Jenna's mouth with a huge ball-gag and clamp her tender nips with toothy clothespins. And having to wriggle on the tied-in dildo makes a humiliating squelching noise. The woman bends her over a chair and applies the paddle with a heavy hand. Jenna tries to keep still with her butt up properly, and the weighted clips remind her when she flinches under each deep swat, but the fear has swollen her bladder and Jenna either has to beg for a bathroom privilege or piss herself on their floor. She's relieved when they lead her off to the bathroom, but not for long when she sees the chains dangling overhead. It's hard to let go chained over the toilet, but they're clearly impatient to get her strapped on the floor again so they can pack the steel plug past her clenching sphincters and commence the use of her other orifices, while the smallest loosens in preparation.

Jenna is a slave for all reasons, and they'll make her prove it before the night is over.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVE NAZ




















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"My holes are even tighter if you keep me strapped!"
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Fiction by Ernest Greene

Master of O

There Are Two Sides to Every Story...

In the reams of fiction written about BDSM over the years, no other work has demonstrated the enduring power of Pauline Reage's *Story of O*. It's remained in print since 1954 and continues to fascinate and sometimes infuriate readers to this day. Originally written on a dare by an eminent French literary critic as a birthday gift for her lover, it was never meant to be published but was simply too compelling to avoid exposure to a wider public. It's not a perfect book by any means, but nothing since has so captivated the world of kink-lit, of which it is, in some sense, the foundational work.

Following the template Reage created, most BDSM fiction since has been narrated from the submissive point of view. As a result, we know a lot about the submissive experience as subjectively described by those who have lived it or imagined it. But what do we know about the mysterious and powerful men to whom women voluntarily enslave themselves? Reage didn't tell us much about O's master. Subsequent works like *Nine and a Half Weeks* and the dreadful *Fifty Shades of Grey* have revealed little more about the D-side of the D/s dynamic. The voice we haven't heard is that of the man with the whip, at least until now.

In the just-released novel *Master of O* from Daedalus Publishing I've attempted to give that enigmatic dominant figure a voice. More importantly, he also gets a life on the page that, once revealed, explains something of why women want to serve him and men want to be him. Updated to a familiarly noir-inflected Los Angeles and peopled with characters familiar from that environ-



Illustrations by Fernando

ment, I've reinvented the narrative from the point of view of Steven Diamond, successful criminal lawyer and unabashed enthusiast for feminine submission. In the short excerpt that follows, he introduces his newly acquired slave, a very modern O, to the delights of his private chambers.

The accompanying illustrations by Fernando preview a much larger portfolio to be included in a deluxe hardback edition of the novel (slated for later this year), which is currently available in text-only e-book form from *masterofo.com.*

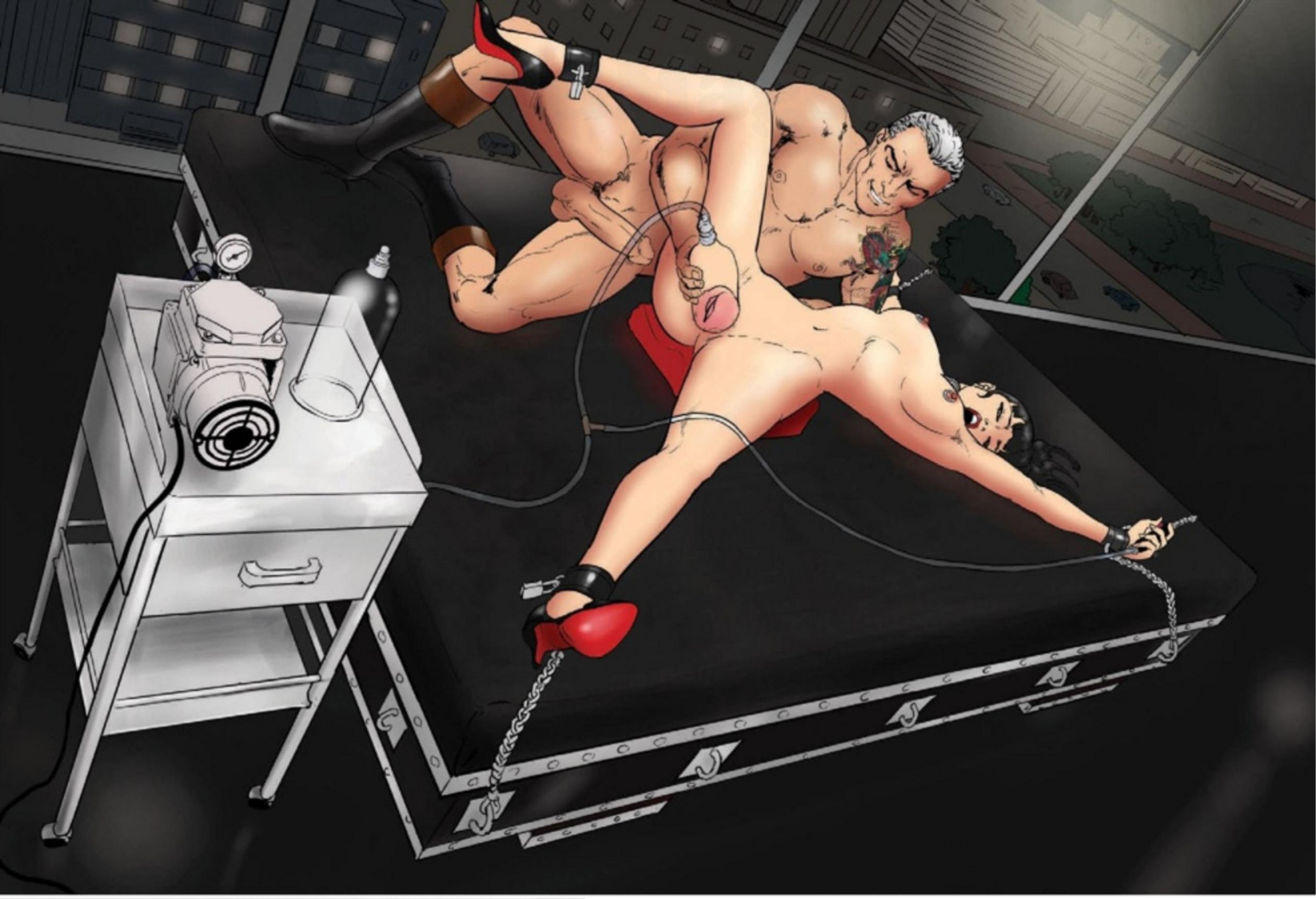


Once inside the playroom, Steven stopped so O could take a good look around. Steven owned everything he wanted, including the warm little package, adorned with nothing more than leather collar, cuffs and skyscraper stilettos, rubbing his cock against her bare backside.

"Please tell me I don't ever have to leave this room again," O said.

Taking a red vinyl cushion shaped to conform to a petite pair of buttocks from a low shelf at the head of the bondage bed, he placed it squarely in the middle of the bed's black rubberized surface.

"Go lie down over there. Settle your tail just off the edge of the cushion."





Still very aware of the invasive steel ringed plug in her ass, O lowered her shoulders and stretched out her arms and legs. Steven locked both of O's wrist cuffs and one of her ankle cuffs to the short chains at the head and foot of the massive altar. Looking over at the mirrored wall, O could see just how sacrificial she appeared.

Steven smiled, raising O's loose leg and pushing it back toward her chest. "I think you're going to like this. I know I will," he said, flipping on the small vacuum pump atop the larger cart next to the bed. It whirred to life, chugging like a model railroad engine. From the rack of clear cylinders, Steven chose a large one, about two inches in diameter, snapping it onto the end of the long, clear plastic tube draped over the vacuum gauge. Taking the cylinder in one hand and a remote control with a single button and a long cord in the other, he stretched out alongside O and put the remote in her right hand.

"Hold that," he instructed her, casually stroking her stretched body with a confident hand, pausing to tweak her thick nipple rings. As a final touch, he took a dab of silicone lube from the black bottle on the tall cart and swirled it around O's by now very hard clit.

"You're quite pretty down there," Steven noted, as if looking at a fresh-cut flower.

"Thank you, Sir. I think it's one of my better angles."

Very carefully, Steven placed the open end of the cylinder over O's wet membranes. She felt a slight suction immediately as her tissues rose inside the clear plastic. It was a subtle sensation, enhanced by the pump's vibrations.

"Now, tap the red button."

It was somewhat odd, controlling this device with chained hands. But when O pushed as ordered, she nearly lifted off the bed, letting out a yelp of surprise. The pump was more powerful than it looked. O's gleaming pink surfaces rose almost three inches up the cylinder, obscenely expanded against its clear walls as if turning her inside out.

Steven made himself comfortable next to O while she worked the red button, pushing it down further and holding it longer each time. He caressed her heaving chest, toyed with her big nipple rings, and stroked her hair. She felt his hard shaft rubbing casually against her leg.

The cylinder came off with a wet pop and when O saw her most private anatomy she gasped. Everything down there was swollen to twice its natural size. Red and shiny like a just washed apple, she lay open as if freshly sliced.

Steven hoisted himself over O's small body, easily sliding into her with no hands as he lowered his weight carefully on top of her. He took his time getting in, as he did with everything he liked, until she was completely full, packed front and rear, unable to influence his slow, revolving, pistoning penetrations even if she'd wanted to, which she most certainly didn't. The pump had sensitized her to the friction of every stroke and each full insertion depressed the steel bulge at the front of the plug back into her ass in the rudest way. When Steven started to speed up, she knew she wouldn't be able to hold out long, and so did he.

"Sir, please Sir. Begging permission to come," O gasped out.

"There'll be a price for it."

O whimpered. She had assumed that, but it didn't matter now.

"Please, Sir. Whatever you want to do to me after."

"Fair enough."

Steven slammed into her harder and faster. Wrapping one hand around her throat, he supported himself on the other so he could look down into her scarlet face. O wheezed and sputtered at the light choking, but went completely rigid from head to toe, grinding her pelvis, one of the few still mobile components of her frame, against him. She tossed her head back and forth, screaming louder than might be expected for such a small woman.

Steven unchained O from the bed, sat her up slowly, holding and kissing her until he was confident the dizziness had faded.

"Take off your shoes and get moving, indolent whore," he said in a friendly way.

She walked with surprising grace to stand under the suspension bar. He held her close, lifting her arms so her still-cuffed hands could slide into the padded straps, which he buckled just tight enough so she'd feel secure.

Steven went to the controls on the wall-mounted hoist and slowly took her up until she was stretched taut, taking just enough weight on the balls of her feet to keep her arms from hurting. O's high arches would eventually cramp, but that was part of it.

Steven slung the short, thick single-tail, beautifully woven in red and black with a feathered end, over his shoulder and circled her like a matador, picking his targets. O's hard, little butt seemed the right place to start. The leather swished through the air, the feathered end connecting with a sharp report. O twitched, but that was all she could do. Steven concentrated his attention back there for a bit, alternating sides as always, laying on neat, straight stripes. Just for fun, he gently wrapped her a couple of times, bringing the tails up on her belly.

"I like that whip," she said. "It feels just right."

Steven went to work on the front of O's body. It was a trickier business, especially with the need to avoid snagging her nipple rings. Soon O's tits were also striped, along with her belly. Coiling the single-tail, he smacked at her still-engorged pinkness, making her dance involuntarily. Each time she went out of position, she quickly turned back to present again. Steven smiled.

"Do your feet hurt?

"They're starting to."

"I'm going to cane them next."

"I thought you might, Sir."

"Then I'm going to cane your ass and fuck it."

"Please, yes, Sir. I've been waiting for that. But if you're going to fuck me there, it would be very generous of you to let me pee first so I don't lose control when I come."

He reached up and freed her from the suspension straps, but rather than letting her sink into his arms, he took her under the collar and made her stay on tiptoe as he led her over to the floor drain.

"You can squat down right here," he told her, "legs open please."

O couldn't contain a scornful look.

"I do know how to piss like a proper slave, Sir."

Lowering herself over the drain, she stayed up on her aching arches and spread her knees wide.

"May I suck you while I do it?"

"Of course. I expect it when I'm so generous with you."

Taking the head in her mouth, O easily let go a surging stream from between her legs with no inhibitions at all, tinkling musically on the steel strainer over the hole in the floor. Deftly holding her balance, she lifted her









head just enough to take him in her mouth, concentrating on the head and corona while emptying her bladder as noisily as possible. Steven could certainly have enjoyed her labors for longer, but his ability to stick to the plan despite pleasant distractions was essential to how he operated.

Steven walked O back to the bed, once again controlling her by the rings on her collar and the base of the steel shaft continually invading her from behind.

He positioned her on all fours, parallel to the mirror, pressed her shoulders down until her breasts and face rested on the surface.

From the other basket he brought out a thin, rattan cane, tracing the tip down to her tailbone.

The impacts on O's backside came precisely spaced at ten-second intervals. It bit deep each time, laying rows of double welts over the now pink curvature of O's ass, top to bottom. She held perfectly still, though these strokes were like lightning bolts.

After ten stripes to each buttock, he saved five more for each of her feet, which he ordered her to raise. It was very trying, keeping them elevated as the cane seared her aching arches, but that was the point. Something good was coming soon.

"Take the plug out now, please. I have other uses for that hole."

"Of course, Sir," O said. "No girl is really a slave until she's given her ass to her Master."

"Well put."

O slowly withdrew the steel bulb from her depths. It emerged with a wet pop, accompanied by a small squeal. That thing really was big. She dropped it into the kick bucket next to the bed with a loud clang.

O composed herself on the bed, facing the mirror in front of the window and neatly aligned with the one on the wall so she could be viewed from every angle. Crossing her hands on the bed, she lowered her face to them and lifted her other end as high as possible. Every movement was beautiful and graceful.

Stroking O's back, Steven watched her relax around her newly unblocked ori-



fice, which gaped slightly from lengthy packing. The heavy steel had worked well to open the channel.

Taking a blue-lidded plastic bottle of water-based gel from the table, Steven squeezed some out onto his fingertips, rubbing it into the outer rings of O's flexing muscles. They yielded to his touch easily. She was no stranger to this use.

Steven put another squirt of lube on himself and took careful aim at the tiny target, slipping in a millimeter at a time, feeling O's tightest passage give way to him. She sighed, her whole body seeming to go soft and floppy around the rigid object invading it.

He slid in and out of her slowly, rotating in lazy circles, holding her fast against him with an iron grasp around her hips. Soon, instead of moving in and out, he started sliding her back and forth while remaining stationary, impaling her repeatedly. She'd been silent up to that point, but her breathing grew steadily heavier and she gave a low, guttural growl, more animal than human.

The climax swept over O with surprising suddenness. She froze, back rising, every muscle tensed inside and out, and howled for permission, which Steven was pleased to grant for all it would have mattered one way or the other at that point.

As soon as O's spasms ceased he started pounding into her. Looking down at her, back, ass and legs shining with sweat and lube, covered in stripes and splotches, he hammered her mercilessly. Steven felt the internal rippling again, slid out almost to the point of exiting, then slowly pushed all the way into O, coming in waves, a contraction at each stopping point. O knew she would never tire of the way Steven did that.

O made a purring sound deep in her throat. She knew he would make his demands without hesitation. That was how she liked to be treated and, at last, she'd found a man who was fine with it.





Photography by Dave Naz

Anal Advisor

BY TRISTAN TAORMINO



Welcome to my column, *Anal Advisor.* I'm Tristan Taormino, author of *The Ultimate Guide to Anal Sex for Women* and producer/director/star of the video of the same name. I receive dozens of letters and e-mails daily about anal sex, and I love to share a few of those questions and answers with all of you. For more anal advice and adventures, check out my Web site, *puckerup.com,* and my reality porn series for Vivid called *Chemistry.*

DEAR ANAL ADVISOR,

I am 32 years old from Iran. I've been happily married for seven years. Recently I recently read your book, *The Ultimate Guide to Anal Sex for Women,* which one of my old schoolmates sent to me. This book opened a new gateway of satisfaction for my wife and me. We started to practice anal sex very slowly. After many exercises, I penetrated her anus and it brought us both to great orgasms. My wife now requests anal sex every time! This raises new questions for us, however. My wife likes me to penetrate her ass with my cock more than with fingers or other things. She prefers it without a condom. I am 100% sure of being hygienic and we have ONLY been with each other in this relationship, no other sexual partners. Is there anything wrong or risky in having anal sex without a condom under these circumstances? Also, I recently figured out that I'd like being the receiver sometimes. My problem is that here in Iran there aren't any sex-toy shops. My wife would like to have the option of wearing a strap-on harness and dildo, but there's no way to purchase them. Are there any options you can suggest?

—Open Our Doors

Dear Open:

I'm so glad my book had such a positive impact on your relationship with your wife. The most significant concern with condom-free anal intercourse is the risk of sexually transmitted infections (STIs). If you are in a monogamous relationship and both of you have no STIs, anal intercourse without a condom is relatively safe. Your wife should have a bowel movement before sex, and, if possible, rinse out her rectum with an enema. You still have some risk of coming into contact with bacteria from fecal matter, so I recommend you wash your penis with soap and water after sex. Make sure to use plenty of lube to prevent both discomfort and the possibility of minute tears in the rectal tissue.

Your second question is more difficult, but I'm glad you've embraced this new desire for yourself and are brave enough to discuss it. There are many ways for your wife to penetrate your ass: with her tongue, fingers, or a safe, phallic object. I don't want you to limit yourself to just strap-on anal sex since you can experience anal pleasure through other alternatives. It might be possible, for example, to find a sympathetic doctor to order you a prostate massager or prostate health tool that can be classified as a medical device and not raise any suspicions. A prostate massager can bring you great pleasure as well as health benefits. If you'd like to attempt a homemade, DIY strap-on harness and dildo, I've got a few tips. Sex educator Midori designed her very own strap-on harness made from two long scarves. She describes it in the book *The Ultimate Guide to Kink*: "Take Scarf A and make a loose overhand knot at its midpoint. Take Scarf B, place it through the knot, bisecting Scarf B. Scarf B will now have two hanging ends of equal length. Insert the dildo into the knot. Tighten Scarf A and the knot firmly around the dildo. Tie Scarf A snug and low around the hips. It's easiest to tie this in front with the dildo at the back and then turn the scarf around. Very important that it be snug. Place the dildo in the desired position on the body. Take one end of Scarf B, hanging from the dildo, and pass it between the legs and under the butt cheeks, ending near the hipbone. Tie onto Scarf A near the hipbone. Repeat with the remaining end of Scarf B." Introduce a peeled carrot, cucumber, or other firm, phallic vegetable as your dildo and you just might make your pegging fantasies come true!



DEAR ANAL ADVISOR,

My husband has wanted to do anal stimulation and sex for a very long time. Sometimes he's just tried things without my permission and very little foreplay. This hasn't gone well. I've also performed some anal stimulation on him when he's asked. We're both open to the idea of anal pleasure in theory, but I admit one thing still makes me nervous. He's commented in the past that my pussy hasn't been tight enough sometimes. I have done Kegels off and on over time, but I'm afraid that because the ass is naturally tighter than the vagina he'll NEVER want vaginal penetration again if we have anal sex. Is my fear realistic, and is there any way I can prevent that from happening?

—Scared Yet Curious

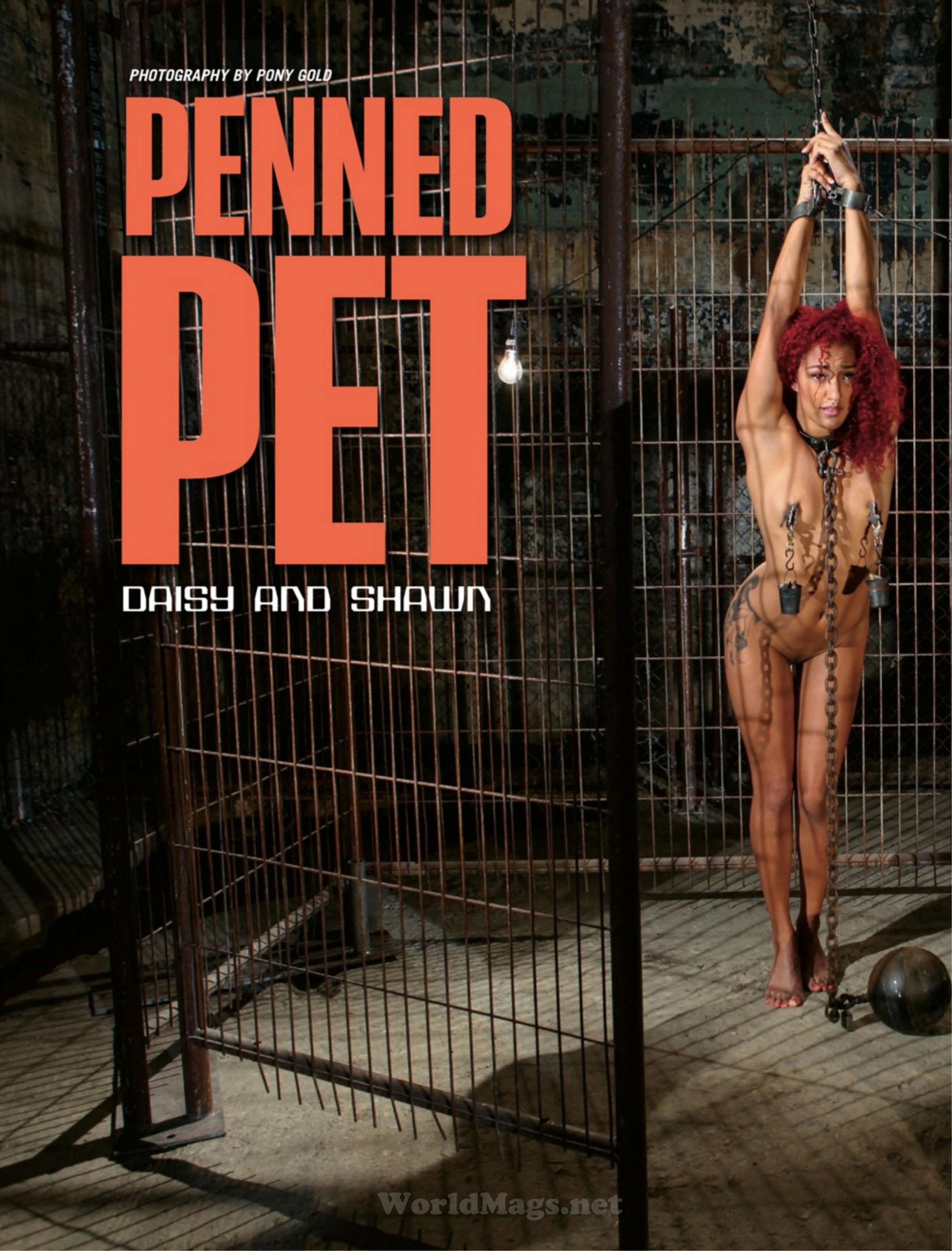
Dear Scared:

I encourage you not to get ahead of yourself in this situation. You've just become comfortable with exploring anal, conversations about doing it right with your explicit permission are happening, and you've been studying up. You haven't yet had this mythical anal sex that's going to be so extraordinary your husband will ignore your pussy forever after. I think you need to begin your anal exploration—this time, with your enthusiastic consent and you calling the shots—and see where that takes *both* of you. You don't know what may come out of these anal adventures, but your assumption that it will end all roads to vaginal penetration doesn't set anyone up for success. As you begin to explore anal stimulation, remind your husband what you also love about the front door, and encourage him to give your orifices equal attention. This is a great opportunity to sharpen up your sexual communication skills and share your desires, fantasies and fears with one another. When everyone is on the same page and agrees that no one should be selfish or feel slighted, you can begin to explore new things without so much worry.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PONY GOLD

PENNED PET

DAISY AND SHAWN





Daisy must have done something bad to end up in the punishment pen with her hands shackled so high overhead she has to stand on tiptoe, making it harder to keep the weighted tit-clamps from swinging. The iron ball chained to her collar adds to the discomfort. Shawn doesn't care how she misbehaved. Daisy understands the rules. She thanks him fervently for ending the tit torture but offers her rump to the heavy strap without complaint, counting the strokes as he lays it across her taut, tawny flesh. She counts the strokes nice and loud between yelps.

Shawn can take whatever he wants from her, but she doesn't wait, sinking to her knees to take his fat slab in her mouth as soon as her hands are freed. She keeps her legs invitingly open too, though she continues to look up at him with big, pitiful eyes. She even keeps the pleading expression when he chains her to the bars of the pen and fucks her deep and hard. Her rapid breathing and gleaming sweat gives her away even before she begs for his cum. But she's there to learn a lesson, and even pleasure ends in shame. Instead of emptying his balls inside her, Shawn pulls out at the last minute, dumping his load in her steel food bowl on the stone floor for Daisy to lap up.

It wouldn't be good for her to become too fond of his attentions.

SHOT ON LOCATION AT THE ARMORY
















ODETTE

Surprised Package

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LIGHTWORSHIP



I never know what he'll come up with next. Hanging, naked, in my cage in the cellar I can only try to imagine. He may be a dirty old man but at least he's a clever old man. It's cramped and uncomfortable in here and I wonder what's taking him so long to get downstairs. I don't even know he's in the room until I feel my panties tugged aside and my bits peeled open. He's so rude sometimes. I can appreciate rude. You should hear my slurping on that dildo. I hope the look on my face is as suggestive as I mean it to be.

It must be working because I'm out of the box, roped and groped, before I know it. He uses a big knife to cut away my undies. The closeness of the cold blade stiffens my nips, but I know he never does anything by accident. He knows just how to get me off with the hard, clear-acrylic toy and munch on me when I'm hanging upside down. After he probes an orgasm out of me, I'm happy to piss for him, since I know it gets him in the mood.

Of course, I'll never be sure what he's in the mood for exactly. The last thing I expect is a birthday cake that spells out what a whore I am and a party hat to make me feel even more toy-like.

But I'm his toy and it's his party and that's the way we both like it.

PROPS COURTESY SEX AND METAL



























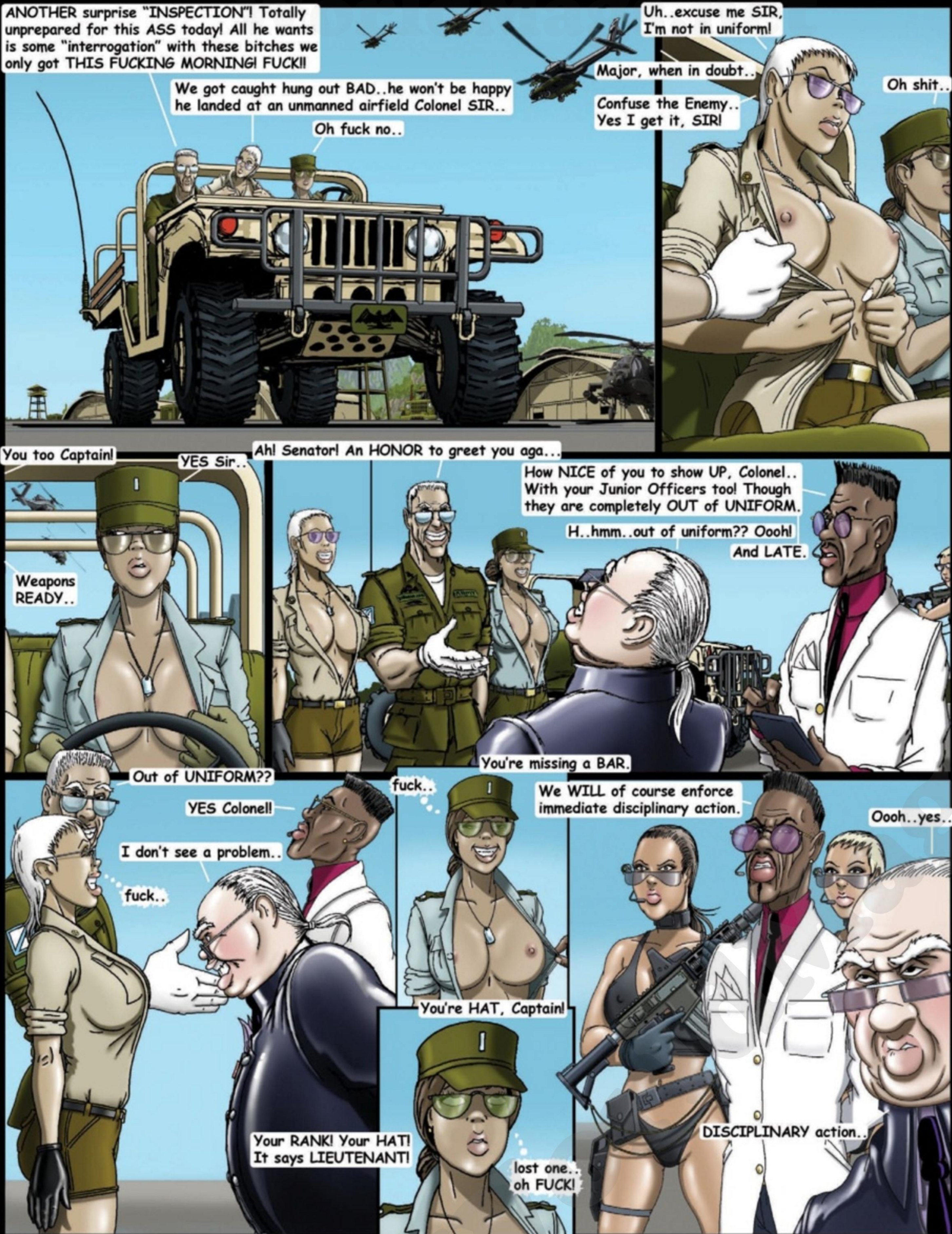



I'M A
WHORE


CAMP SIERRA ECHO X-RAY
Senator..?
..cough..snort..
Senator PLEASE.. your pants, Sir!
Indefinite DETENTION
Arghh! Always interuptions!
Senator Feelie!
That damn perv Chairman of the Anti-Terrorist Commission! DICK!
Men! Take the subjects to my lower lab, now!
How would you like them, sir?
Miss Woodcock! We have GUESTS Miss Woodcock! Hurry up and get DRESSED!
Y..Yes Sir..
Hmm..the Pony! Yes! On the Pony!
Roberts 2014


SIR! They've LANDED!
Now my dear little Captain..let's not have any more of this, hmm?
Y..Yes..Major..
Mmmmm..yes..yyess..
Major..
Mmmmmm...
MAJOR..
Ooh UMM..YES..
MAJOR DYKES!!
MAJOR! Get yourself and your hot little FUCK into UNIFORM! NOW! MOVE!
YES SIR COLONEL..SIR!!
It HAS to be another surprise INSPECTION from that asshole SENATOR FEELIE! That drugged out fuckin' pedo panty FREAK!!
YES Sir..
He KNOWS we have new DETAINEES.. He wants to "Inspect" them all PERSONALLY.


Ahem..snort..uhhumm...I am proud and thrilled to be here today with all you fine brave young men and women of the United Sta..
Uh..Senator SIR..
..not now Luther..AHEM.. The Terrori...
THERE'S NOBODY HERE!
...oh.
I gotta get to the airfield, Grease..
Don't worry 'bout nuthin' Sarge..
I'll clean 'er up real good!
SCRUB the bitch!
I'm ON it Sarge!
You are one crusty nasty fuck..
Clean this bitch up 'n throw her in the pen, get it DONE!


ANOTHER surprise "INSPECTION"! Totally unprepared for this ASS today! All he wants is some "interrogation" with these bitches we only got THIS FUCKING MORNING! FUCK!!
We got caught hung out BAD..he won't be happy he landed at an unmanned airfield Colonel SIR..
Oh fuck no..
Uh..excuse me SIR, I'm not in uniform!
Major, when in doubt..
Confuse the Enemy.. Yes I get it, SIR!
Oh shit..
You too Captain!
YES Sir..
Weapons READY..
Ah! Senator! An HONOR to greet you aga...
How NICE of you to show UP, Colonel.. With your Junior Officers too! Though they are completely OUT of UNIFORM.
H..hmm..out of uniform?? Oooh!
And LATE.
You're missing a BAR.
Out of UNIFORM??
YES Colonel!
I don't see a problem..
fuck..
fuck..
You're HAT, Captain!
Your RANK! Your HAT! It says LIEUTENANT!
lost one.. oh FUCK!
We WILL of course enforce immediate disciplinary action.
Oooh..yes..
DISCIPLINARY action..

CONTINUED...



In the Next Issue of HUSTLER'S TABOO®

Even for a dedicated spanko like Lainey, the automated paddler is an infernal machine. It doesn't care if Lainey enjoys the way it slaps her tits and ass. It doesn't care if it enjoys doing it. It's completely devoid of human emotion, which makes it somehow even hotter, and which is why Lainey keeps pumping away at the bicycle pedals powering it. The more she pumps, the harder it hits and the wetter she gets. Who cares what she's being punished for if the results are orgasmic enough? Lainey can be counted on to break the rules when the penalties are so rewarding.

The clinging gauze wrap is all too effective a binding medium for Meiko. It conforms lewdly to every curve of her petite physique, immobilizing her in the examination chair for the doctor's latest round of probing examinations. He experiments with her most intimate anatomy, inducing sopping wetness in her pussy while continuing her anal training with the huge, hard Lucite prod. If she fails to present her ass properly for treatment, the doctor's firm hand is quick to spank her back into position. When his work is done, Meiko will be a perfected sex toy, ready for use in every socket.

These are just two of the tricks and treats ahead as the weather turns cool and the action gets hotter. There'll be fun in the dungeon for a hot couple, sinful service from the pretty slave of a merciless mistress and our bountiful compendium of news, views and spews from all over the kinky world. Stand by for more secrets of submission from Nina Hartley and more ins and outs of anal sex from Tristan Taormino, plus sneak peeks of pervy new vids and hot squats direct from Urination Nation. The deviant diversions never stop between these pulsating pages.

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